

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

BENVOLIO

See, where he comes. So please you step aside,
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MONTAGUE

I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
 158 To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.
Exeunt [Montague and his Wife].

BENVOLIO

159 **Good morrow, cousin.**

ROMEO Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO

160 But new struck nine.

ROMEO Ay me! sad hours seem long.
 Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO

It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO

Not having that which having makes them short.

BENVOLIO In love?

ROMEO Out –

BENVOLIO Of love?

ROMEO

Out of her favor where I am in love.

BENVOLIO

168 Alas that love, so gentle in his view,
 169 Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROMEO

170 Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
 Should without eyes see pathways to his will!

158 *shrift* confession 159 *morrow* morning; *cousin* kinsman 168 *view* appearance 169 *in proof* in being experienced 170 *love* Cupid; *view* sight; *muffled* blindfolded; *still* always

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
 Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love. 174
 Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
 O anything, of nothing first create!
 O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
 Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! 180
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh? 182

BENVOLIO No, coz, I rather weep.

ROMEO

Good heart, at what?

BENVOLIO

At thy good heart's oppression.

ROMEO

Why, such is love's transgression.
 Grievs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, 185
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
 With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; 190
 Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.
 What is it else? A madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

BENVOLIO Soft! I will go along.

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROMEO

Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here; 196
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

174–81 *Here's . . . this* (the rhetorical name for such paradoxes is oxymoron; cf. III.2.73–85) 182 *coz* cousin 185 *Grievs . . . own* your sorrow for my grief grieves me further to have caused you sorrow 196 *lost* (so both Q2 and Q1, but the emendation "left" has been cogently suggested)

- BENVOLIO
198 Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?
ROMEO
What, shall I groan and tell thee?
BENVOLIO Groan? Why, no;
200 But sadly tell me who.
ROMEO
Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
BENVOLIO
I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.
ROMEO
A right good markman. And she's fair I love.
BENVOLIO
206 A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
ROMEO
Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit
208 With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit,
209 And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,
210 From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.
211 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor
215 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
BENVOLIO
216 Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
ROMEO
217 She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starved with her severity,

198 *in sadness* seriously 206 *fair mark* bright clean target 208 *Dian* Diana, virgin goddess of chastity and huntress 209 *proof* armor 210 *unharmed* (from Q1; Q2 reads "uncharmed," perhaps correctly) 211–12 *She . . . eyes* i.e., she gives me no chance to woo her 215 *with . . . store* she will leave no children to perpetuate her beauty 216 *still* always 217 *sparing* miserliness

- Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair, 220
To merit bliss by making me despair. 221
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
BENVOLIO
Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.
ROMEO
O, teach me how I should forget to think!
BENVOLIO
By giving liberty unto thine eyes.
Examine other beauties.
ROMEO 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more. 228
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black puts us in mind they hide the fair. 230
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair, 233
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
Farewell. Thou canst not teach me to forget.
BENVOLIO
I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.* 237
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- ☞ 1.2 Enter Capulet, County Paris, and [Peter, Capulet's servant].
- CAPULET
But Montague is bound as well as I, 1

221 *bliss* heaven 228 *in question* to my mind 233 *passing* surpassingly 237 *pay that doctrine* convince you otherwise

1.2 s.d. *County* count; *Peter* (the role was played by Will Kemp, the Clown of the company; the s.d. here reads "the Clowne" in Q2) 1 *bound* under bond (to keep the peace)